

## SISTERS' DEPARTMENT.

## Go and Tell Jesus.

BY LAURA E. N. GROSSNICKLE.

When John the Baptist was beheaded the hearts of Jesus' disciples were full of sorrow and pain. Tenderly taking up the body, they carried it away and performed the last sad offices of respect to it. Turning from its lonely resting place, instead of taking up the burden of life again with sorrowing hearts, they went and told Jesus. Already they had learned to know that Jesus' heart was full of tender compassion, that he could not only heal the sick, and cleanse the lepers, but he could bind up the broken heart, he could soothe the weary, troubled soul.

When sickness had entered the dwelling place of the little family at Bethany and Lazarus lay, hovering between life and death, the sisters, worn and weary with watching and anxiety, did not forget their loving friend who had power to heal diseases, but sent a message unto him, "Behold, he whom thou lovest is sick." Not in vain was the brief message borne to the tender pitying Savior. He heard the pleading prayer in it, and he turned his steps toward Bethany. When Jairus' little daughter lay at the point of death and the fond father's heart was full of pain, he went and told Jesus, and when Jesus came and found the child dead, he raised her up and restored her to her father's love and care. The sick and afflicted, the sorrowing and bereaved went to Jesus for help, and they found in him a healer, a sympathizer, a comforter. Touched by a feeling of their infirmities, entering into their sorrows with them, realizing their weakness and his own divine strength, his great heart went out to them in pity and tender yearning, and from his lips there fell words that shall echo and re-echo throughout christendom as long as human hearts have woes, as long as human lives are burdened, as long as human souls are weighed down with sin—"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

The same Jesus is in the land today. "Lo, I am with you always even unto the end of the world." The same divine invitation reaches us, "The Spirit and the bride say come." The same tender pitying heart comforts us. "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God believe also in me." It is our happy privilege today to go and tell Jesus our disappointments, our cares, our troubles. We need not send a messenger as the sisters of Bethany did for Jesus is not a week's jour-

ney, not even an hour's journey, but he is with us, "Lo, I am with you." When sorrows, affliction and perplexities roll like great billows over us, when clouds and storms gather round us until our hearts are bowed down as the storms bow the forest oak, the crushed and broken spirit can find comfort and peace and rest at the foot of the cross. He who hears the ravens when they cry will also hear the cry of his sorrowing children, even though it be but a tremulous wail as from a broken harp.

O Christian, if the dark and bitter waters surge over your soul, if sorrow and bereavement and disappointment bow down your heart, if the trials and struggles and conflicts of life crush your spirit, go tell it all to Jesus. Go tell it to the Sufferer on Calvary, for he is very pitiful and of tender mercy. He will comfort you, he will heal your wounds, he will bind up your crushed, broken and bleeding hearts, he will restore your spirit and keep you under the shadow of his wing until your weary soul shall be admitted to the joys of "Home, Rest and Heaven."

Mapleville, Md., Dec. 17, '88.

## The Commandments and Comforter.

"If ye love me, keep my commandments. And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another comforter that he may abide with you forever, even the spirit of truth." John 14: 15.

He would be a traitor and a rebel, who should dare set up his standard, demand allegiance from the king's subjects, and require obedience to his commands, having no right to the crown. So Jesus, if he were not King of kings and Lord of lords, the living and true God; but only a mere man, a prophet mighty in word and in deed, a very good man, who taught the best morals and set a good example, as some vainly and ignorantly pretend—verily, if this were all, we Christians could see no goodness in him; but we would be bold usurpers against the one eternal Jehovah, striving to alienate the affections of the heart and the obedience of the life from God whom alone we are commanded to love and serve. Therefore, "If ye love me keep my commandments," saith Jehovah the mighty God in the wonderful man Christ Jesus.

Christians know his voice. In love he hath done all things for our salvation. From love he requires all duty from us. Obedience without love is slavery, love without obedience is dissimulation.

"In keeping his commandments there is great reward," enjoyed in present peace, expected in future hope; both are the fruits of free grace and unmerited love, and secured by precious promises. While others heard of Jesus and talk-

ed of the miracles he performed in the days of his flesh; yet those disciples only, who were obedient to his call and followed him, saw his glory, enjoyed the comforts of his presence. So the closer we walk with Jesus in love and obedience, the more we enjoy of the comforts of faith. And besides the gift of faith, as an evidence we shall also receive the comforting witness of our being the children of God, even from the spirit of truth, another comforter, who shall abide with us forever, as a seal, earnest and pledge of our future glory. So Jesus prays, so the Father bestows, so the Spirit applies and comforts. Glory to the ever-blessed three who thus agree in one and bear witness on earth of salvation to the comfort and joy of poor sinners. Love to Jesus is the spring of obedience. Keeping his commandments is the way in which, though not for which, the Spirit assures and comforts our hearts. "If any man have not the spirit of Christ he is none of his." Rom. 8: 9.

To praise the Father and the Son,  
And Spirit all divine,  
The one in three, and three in one,  
Let saints and angels join."

MARY BUCK.

## What Do Your Children Read?

A lad of sixteen lay upon his death-bed. A wasting consumption was slowly but surely doing its fatal work. He was a former pupil of mine. I approached his bedside, took him by the hand, and gazed a moment on his thin, emaciated form, pale, hollow cheeks, and sunken eyes—all telling me that his sojourn on earth must be brief.

"How are you today, Arthur?" I asked.

"About as usual," he replied.

"Do you suffer much lying here?"

"Sometimes I suffer a great deal, especially from difficulty of breathing."

"Do you think you will get well?"

"No sir."

"Would you like to get well?"

"It makes but little difference with me whether I do or not."

"Does the thought of approaching death give you any anxiety or alarm?"

"I have no fears nor care about it."

"Do you feel willing to die?"

"I have wished I were dead a hundred times since I have been sick, to get rid of my sufferings."

"What is your hope for the future?"

"I do not concern myself at all about the future."

Afterwards I asked him if I should pray.

"I do not care, if you want to pray," he replied.

In two or three days he died. His father made this remark in my hearing: "My son lies in yonder cemetery—an INFIDEL—from the effects of novel reading!"

Parents what do your children read?—Sel.

## OUR DEAD.

**VANAMAN.**—Near Woodland, Mich., Dec. 10, 1888, Verna Vanaman, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Vanaman, aged 11 months, and 20 days. Funeral services by the writer.

ISAAC KILHEFNER.

## Various Theories of Electricity.

What is electricity? The engineer and the physicist are completely at variance on this point. The engineer regards electricity, like heat, light and sound, as a definite form of energy, something that he can generate and destroy, something that he can play with and utilize, something that he can measure and apply. The physicist—at least some physicists, for it is difficult to find any two physicists that completely agree with each other—regard electricity as a peculiar form of matter permeating all space as well as all substances, together with the luminiferous ether, which it permeates like a jelly or a sponge.

Conductors, according to this theory, are holes or pipes in this jelly, and electrical generators are pumps that transfer this hypothetical matter from one place to another. Other physicists, following Edmund, regard the ether and electricity as identical, and some, the disciples of Helmholtz, consider it an integral constituent of nature, each molecule of matter having its own definite charge, which determines its attraction and its repulsion. All attempts to revive the Franklinian, or material theory of electricity have, however, to be so loaded with assumptions and so weighed with contradictions that they completely fail to remove electricity from the region of the mysterious. It is already extremely difficult to conceive the existence of the ether itself as an infinitely thin, highly elastic medium filling all space, employed only as the vehicle of those undulatory motions that give us light and radiant heat. The material theory of electricity requires us to add to this another incomprehensible medium embedded or entangled in this ether, which is not only a medium for motion, but which is itself moved.

The practical man, with his eye and his mind trained by the stern realities of daily experience, on a scale vast compared with that of the little world of the laboratory, revolts from such wild hypotheses, such unnecessary and inconceivable conceptions, such a travesty of the beautiful simplicity of nature. He has a clear conception of electricity as something which has a distant objective existence, which he can manufacture and sell, and something which the unphilosophic and ordinary member of society can buy and use.

—W. H. Preece.

## Among the Huts of Ireland.

In three days' time I had visited nearly 200 huts and cabins in the wilds of Inishowen. The mere mention of the words, "I am from America," was the magical talisman opening every door and heart. "Heav'n bless ye for that!" "Raally—now—an' ye're tellin' me?" "May ye be saved for the great journey hom!" "Ah, now, but that's the fine country, altogether!" "And did ye see my Dennis?" "Wor ye comin' up wid my ould man, sir?" "Faith, but our Katy's there!" "May the blessed saints show ye our Phadrick, when ye're back!"—and a hundred like greetings and questions, with tremors from the region of tears in them, were showered upon me; and may I be forgiven where heart's hunger is counted no crime for the mild and comforting lies that I told them.

But one of the whole simple host, a poor old woman living alone with a goat and a pig in a hut, turned upon me. Had I seen her Michael darlin', who the next blessed year would bring her out? I had not; but would find him. She was as a June day of delight until that fatal denial. No matter for my brilliant exposition of America's geography, its wide expanse, its numberless cities. Ah, where Michael was was her America entirely. And God bless the true old soul of a mother for it, though she did slam the door upon me and glare unassailable defiance through the little window from her stern, white face, until the frills of her ancient cap danced like wind swept heather among the hills.—Edgar L. Wake-man.

## An Odd Composing Room.

The internal organization of a Japanese newspaper office is a sad spectacle of daily struggle with difficulties unknown elsewhere and really unnecessary here. The Japanese written and printed character consists of the Chinese ideographs, those complicated square figures made up of an apparent jumble of zigzags and crosses and ticks and triangles and tails, and of the original Japanese syllabary called kana. Of the former there are 20,000 in all, of which perhaps 14,000 constitute the scholars' vocabulary, and no fewer than 4,000 are in common daily use; while the forty-seven simple characters of kana are known to everybody. Therefore the Japanese compositor has to be prepared to place in his stick any one of over 4,000 different types—truly an appalling task. From the nature of the problem several consequences naturally follow. First, he must be a good deal of a scholar himself, to recognize all these instantly and accurately; secondly, his eyesight suffers fearfully, and he generally wears a huge pair of magnifying goggles; and third, as it is physically impossible for any one man to reach 4,000 types, a totally different method of case arrangement has to be devised.—Henry Norman in Philadelphia Times.

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